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THE CHAPEL OF THE FOREST.

BY CANON SCHMID.

(Continued from page 387.)

CHAPTER III.

YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

"It is here," said Conrad, "at the foot of this altar, on which the Holy Victim of propitiation has been so frequently offered up, that I will relate to you all I remember of our childhood, and more especially of our separation; by this you will see that I am truly your brother, and that I am not imposing on you. Yes, I well remember the last moments we passed together. A family of strangers, who, like ourselves, were trying to make their escape, met us by the way; and, as you were too young and weak to go quickly, they offered to take you in their carriage. Even at this moment, I fancy I can see the smile of pleasure that lighted up your features, as you mounted up into the carriage. My father and I followed after on foot, and rejoined you in the next village; and there, as you very well know, I was apprenticed to the good brazier, who adopted me as his own son. How happy it makes me, dear sister, to see you again! But it is a joy not unmixed with sadness; for it grieves me to the soul to hear of the death of our good father!

"You have grown very much; I am sure I should never have recognised you. You would not believe how afflicting it has been to me, never to hear any news of my father. The brazier was very careful in teaching me his trade; but how often was I doomed to hear those who came to his shop tell him, that my father had cheated him, by leaving me on his hands: that he had done very wrong in ever taking me in, because no one had ever asked after me since, nor offered to repay him what he had spent over me. All this was enough to break my heart; and my only resource was to think in silence of my good father. I always entertained the most profound veneration for him; you know well that he was full of piety and wisdom."

"He was indeed good and prudent," answered Louisa. "Never shall I forget the night of his death. I was sleeping soundly in a room adjoining

his, when he sent a person to call me. He was by this time exceedingly weak, and could scarcely talk. With a trembling hand he blessed me, and you too, my brother! He died like a saint, and the peace of his soul was clearly pictured on his tranquil and serene countenance. If you could have seen him, I am sure his contented and peaceful air would have delighted you."

"Just as I entered this chapel," said Conrad, "I was thinking about him; and my imagination was busy in conjuring up his venerable appearance. I fancied I saw him just as he looked when I last parted with him. It seemed as if I quitted him but yesterday, so well did I remember every one of his dear features. But still many years have rolled by since our sorrowful parting. It was the morning after the family of kind strangers had taken you up into their carriage. I went out with him very early that morning; and as we were passing through the little town, we found the church-door open, and both of us entered. It was empty. I sat down on one of the benches, while he went and knelt before the altar. For a long time he remained there motionless, pouring out his supplications to God, and weeping as he prayed. At length he rose, came to me, and said, 'Conrad, I have just been praying to the Lord for you and your sister, the good Louisa; and I have recommended both of you to his merciful care. Doubt not he will be a father to you, and will never desert you.'

"He then exhorted me always to remain firmly attached to my religion—to observe God's holy commandments—to avoid sin, and keep out of bad company, for that is the source of all the evils into which inexperienced youths ever fall. The words which he uttered, were pronounced with that tone of deep feeling which makes its way direct to the very heart, and affected me so much that I burst into a flood of tears. He bade me take courage, and always to conduct myself like a true Christian, in the house where I was to be placed, and ever to look upon my master as a second father: then he added those remarkable words, which have remained ever since engraved upon my heart, 'Poor boy! I feel that I am not long for this world: but must soon leave it for a better. Yes, I trust that God will receive me into his eternal tabernacles. It may be you see me for the last time; when then you grow old enough to be able to gain a livelihood for yourself, have a care of your sister, and be to her as a father. She

will soon have no one but you to look up to in this world: often think of her, even when she comes to be removed far away from you.'

"When he had pronounced these words, he took me by the hand, led me to the foot of the altar, and there, in God's holy presence, made me promise to execute with care and fidelity, his last wishes. I promised him everything; then he made me kneel down, cast up his eyes devoutly towards heaven, and fervently blessed me. For a moment, he knelt beside me; then raised me, fondly embraced me, gave me a small sum of money, and we left the church together, our sorrow depriving us of a full power of giving utterance to our feelings.

"At length the moment of separation arrived. 'May God guide you, my son,' said he, and his voice was broken by sobs; then he fixed upon me his eyes, full of tears, 'Good bye, my dear,' he exclaimed, 'often think of your father. When next we meet, it will be in heaven; and then we shall never part more.' And he left me, and went to join you; while I returned to the good brazier. That was the last time I ever saw him. Here, in this solitary chapel, the memory of that separation rises in my mind more forcibly than ever, and awakens the fondest recollections of my tender father. When I found this book, I could almost have believed that I saw him standing before my eyes: the fervent prayer he addressed to God in the church of the little town where he left me, seemed to sound like music in my ears; and I felt as if I were again on my knees by his side before the altar; and I prayed of God, weeping as I prayed, to take pity on me, and to procure for me at length, after so many years of painful anxiety, some news of my father and you. What a happiness for me to learn, that at the moment of his death, he once more gave me his blessing!"

"Yes, brother," answered Louisa, weeping, "our good father blessed us both; and his benediction is a treasure for us. He is now in heaven, and there prays for his children. Of this we have a clear proof in this happy meeting, so unlooked for by both of us. It was before an altar our father bade you farewell; and it is again before the altar of this holy chapel, that his two children once more meet each other. God has guided our steps this memorable day. You see how Heaven has recompensed the fidelity, with which you observed our dear father's last injunctions. If, like many other young men, you had passed carelessly by this chapel without entering it, we might perhaps never have met one another. Come, let us thank the God of love for having deigned to interest himself in such a striking manner in the fate of two orphans. Let us not forget to awaken in our hearts, sentiments of the liveliest gratitude. Since God has protected us so many years, let us have a care to deserve his graces still more and more."

And they both knelt down on the steps of the altar. Louisa took the book from her brother's hands, and recited aloud a beautiful and touching prayer, which Conrad repeated after her.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EDIFYING DEATH.

"BEFORE leaving this place," said Louisa to her brother, "let us say together, as devoutly as we can, the *Salve Regina*, in honour of the Blessed Virgin. No doubt you know it by heart; and I never let a single day pass without frequently repeating it. I remember I once read, that this prayer was composed by the pious bishop of Puys, Adhemar de Monteil, at the time the Christians were defending the Holy Land against the incursions of the Saracens. It is a prayer which I have always taken particular pleasure in reciting: and I feel certain, that the merciful Mother of Jesus, to whom this altar is dedicated, has listened graciously to it, and has often prayed to her divine Son in my behalf."

Conrad and Louisa, with the most touching piety, recited the *Salve Regina*, and then left the altar. "And now, my dear sister, tell me, how came you into this forest? What could ever have induced you to bury yourself in this wood?"

"We are not so deeply buried in the forest as you imagine: the chapel is built at the verge of the forest; but on the very opposite side to the road, which no doubt led you to it. This little oratory is always frequented by a crowd of pious Christians, who flock to it at every hour of the day, there to implore the protection of the august Queen of Heaven: and I am quite astonished that no one has come since our meeting. One would think that Heaven has provided us with these few moments to allow us an opportunity of recognising each other, and talking without interruption. At a mile's distance, lies the town of Belle-Fontaine, at the other side of a beautiful hill. The road leading to it is very agreeable and planted with trees: it is my favourite walk. I have for a long time been in the habit of coming hither to pray every Sunday and holiday; and many times during the week, when my occupations permit me. I am generally accompanied by a friend; but to-day something has hindered her. Although I know by heart nearly all the prayers which this book contains, I always carry it with me. On opening it, I have a thousand times thought of you; yesterday it so happened that I forgot it, and to-day it is the means of leading me to find my dear brother. The fear of having lost this dear object has made me anxious all day; and behold, it has procured for me the greatest happiness."

"So it was with me," said Conrad. "I was wandering in a wild forest—I was alone and desolate, and now my joy is beyond all telling. And so it nearly always happens in this life; God guides us to happiness by the pathway of pain and sorrow. But tell me, dear sister, where are you living?"

"In the town of Belle-Fontaine, in the house of a charitable widow, who adopted me, having no children of her own. Her husband, who died many years ago, was a rich merchant, and left her a princely fortune; of which she makes the noblest

use. She is a perfect saint; every one in the parish venerates her as such. I love her as a mother; and she, on her side, cherishes me as her own child. But come, let us go and see her; take up your hat and stick. I will carry your bundle, for you are very tired. The good lady will be quite delighted to see my brother, of whom she has heard me speak so often."

And so they went off together; but Conrad would not hear of his sister's carrying the bundle. On the way, Louisa related to him different circumstances of her life, and often added pious reflections to induce him always to invoke our Blessed Lady, whom she called her powerful helper. Amongst other stories, she related the following, which she said she had met with in a little book, called the *Month of Mary*.

"One of the most distinguished preachers of the last century, was once called about midnight to administer the last sacraments to a young nobleman who had just been seized with apoplexy. When he arrived he found the house all in confusion, the wife distracted, and the physicians vainly employing all the sources of their art on an invalid with no more than the semblance of life. This was the state of things during the night. When day appeared, the churches being opened, the priest went to offer a votive mass of the Holy Virgin for the sick person, in the next chapel; and glory for ever be to God and his Blessed Mother, it was scarcely finished, when a servant came to tell him that his master had now the use of his faculties. The surprise of the good priest was greatly increased, when on revisiting the gentleman, who had been too well known by his scandals and debaucheries, he found him penetrated with the liveliest sorrow and compunction, imploring pardon of God more by tears than words, and offering his life for the expiation of his sins. In these dispositions he made his confession and received the last sacraments. The confessor, edified and amazed at such a change, when all was over, asked the dying person if he had any idea of the cause of such a miracle of the divine mercy in his favour. 'Alas! Father,' he replied, 'what other cause could there be but this, divine mercy itself, moved by your prayers, and perhaps by those of my deceased mother. The good woman was a model of piety to the court and to the city. I was her only son: after being married but a few years, her husband died, and unfortunately for me, she survived him but a few months. When on her death-bed, she caused me to be brought to her, and spoke nearly in the following words: 'I leave you, my son, an illustrious name and riches in abundance, but I entreat you to prefer to both the sacred character of a Christian. You are exposed to great dangers, my child; to what jeopardy perhaps will not your best possessions expose you? I die, alas! too soon for you! but may the will of God be accomplished. I leave you under the protection of the Holy Virgin, and entreat her to show herself your Mother. If you, my child, wish to give your affectionate parent some mark of attachment and recollection, promise me the only thing I am going to

ask of you—it will cost you little—it is to recite the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin every day.' I promised her most readily, (said the sick man,) and never failed to keep my word amidst all my debaucheries; nay, I confess, that for the last ten years, it is the only act of religion I have performed."

"The confessor now saw clearly, that the conversion of this young man was owing to the special protection of Mary. He exhorted him to redouble his confidence in his powerful benefactress. He did not leave him until his death. He received his last sighs, which were poured forth in the same penitential spirit."

From the lively pleasure he took in such an edifying conversation, Louisa discovered that her brother still preserved feelings of religion; and this was to her a new source of joy. And by this time, they had passed over the hill, and were entering Belle-Fontaine together. "Do you see that pretty green house down there?" said Louisa to her brother. "It is there that my adopted mother lives. You may be quite certain that she will receive you well."

GIRLS' FASHIONABLE SCHOOLS.

ONE might be tempted to believe, that the end most school-mistresses propose to themselves in teaching is to get themselves handsome houses, furnished sumptuous drawing-rooms, keep livery servants, and perhaps equipages, and to make purses for themselves out of the credulous vanity and craving for stylishness in their employers. But when one thinks of the homes of her pupils, and the daily economy practised by parents and elder sisters to obtain for them the advantages of an instruction which is to fit them for life, the strain to keep up appearances which prevades the whole establishment, makes one sick at heart. The ancients regarded the teaching of the young as a trust too sacred to be undertaken for hire; and not till Greece became degenerate did the public instructors accept payment for their services. Our modern system is in the opposite extreme. We do not wish that honourable exertion should be denied its reward; but a system that is carried on by the heads in a mercenary spirit, must implant in the pupils' minds a false valuation of the world's goods. Within the walls of their house of discipline, girls learn to grasp after show and pomp; and, as women can rarely acquire these for themselves, they are taught to look at marriage as the means of making their fortune. Thus their education is but a training for somewhat in prospect; they are taught to live upon expectancy; they are to fit themselves to catch at the straw, and wait upon the wheel of fortune. This may account, in some degree, for much of the instability, and for the great increase of display as a motive in modern women. They are brought up in a sort of panopticon; everything they can do must be pinned to their shoulders, that the world may be advertised of their merits. Modern teachers are so impatient, and have such a small space allotted to them in which to do their work, that they set about it like the child who constantly dug up his seeds to see if they were growing out; therefore, modern women are, in character, mere shrivelled flowers, opening to the sun before a leaf has shot up to fold round them.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

There is more honour in meriting praise without obtaining it, than in obtaining it without meriting it.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

Those who have walked on the banks of the Adige, before Rovigo, will know, that about a league and a half from that town, there are one or two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore the water is not more than a foot deep; and those who have never stirred from home have probably heard that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for the suddenness of their rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days of May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel; the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting from its extreme greenness, and from a profusion of hyacinths upon one side; a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon the edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a day's walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished; I found the depth nowhere exceed two feet, and the island as agreeable as I fancied it to be; and having culled a large bouquet, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of home and past scenes which the fragrance of this flower brought along with it.

I had lain about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place, when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I supposed at first to be thunder; a great deal having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued, and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals, which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and as it became still louder, I started up in some alarm, and—what a sight met my eye! At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roaring louder than the loudest thunder.

Not a moment was to be lost; the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island, when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless: it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundations; and I entertained not a ray of hope that the trunk upon which I was seated would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm;—it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use, and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over: but a moment's reflection—one glance around me, showed that I had but small cause for congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent, that no human strength could withstand, rolled impetuously on; and, although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been as many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened; yet a second might carry it away: and the flood was still rising—almost every moment I could perceive the distance between me and the water diminish, and, indeed, I was not more than four feet above its surface. I had only two grounds of hope—the most languid, however, that was ever called by the name; it was possible that some person might see my situation from the shore, before night-fall, and bring others to my assistance; and it was possible, also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily subside. The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited—the high road did not lie along the river-side, and the shore, for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to the depth of probably three or four feet; and besides, it was difficult to see in what way human aid could extricate me. No boat could reach the island, and if a rope could be thrown as far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated;—and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it: it was at all events impossible that this could happen before night-fall.

In this dreadful and perilous situation, evening passed away; no one appeared, and the river still continued to rise. The sky lowered and looked threatening; the torrent rushed by, darker

and more impetuous—every few moments reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores on both sides were changed into wide lakes; and the red sun went angrily down over a waste of red waters. Night at length closed in—and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes I fancied the tree was loosening from its roots, and sloped more over the water; sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered; and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several strips; and tying them together, bound myself round the middle to a pretty thick branch which supported my back; this, I thought, might prevent me from falling, if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me. During the night many strange fancies came over me, besides that very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times I thought the torrent was flowing backward; now and then I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times I imagined something rose out of the water beneath, and attempted to drag me down;—often felt convinced I heard screams mingled with the rushing torrent, and once, all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have ventured almost to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry: once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke with so violent a start, that if I had not been fastened, I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away;—it was warm and dry, so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold. I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk, which was my only refuge; and, although deliverance was uncertain, at all events distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could; and thus I passed the night under a starless sky, and the dark flood roaring beneath me. Before morning broke, I felt assured that the waters had begun to subside; the noise, I thought, was less: I fancied I saw shrubs appear above water on the island, and trees upon shore assume their usual appearance; and, with the first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken; the flood had fallen at least three feet; and before sun-rise the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did criminal, reprieved upon the scaffold, shake off his bonds with more joy than I did mine that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk, which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee-deep on the island. I then waded to the part which was dry, and lay down, exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment;—soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel; but still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially weakened as I was by the occurrences of the last twelve hours, and by the want of food. I had no certainty as to the hour, for I had not, of course, remembered to wind up my watch the evening before;—judging from the height of the sun, however, the water had so much diminished before noon, that in two or three hours more I might attempt to gain the shore. About three in the afternoon I accordingly entered the stream; I found it then nowhere deeper than four feet; and with a little struggling and buffetting, succeeded in gaining the bank which I once thought I should never have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since: never do I smell this flower, as I walk through the woods or the fields, that I do not experience in part the sensations I felt when I lifted my head, and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me; and, however dreadful a reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure. I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths, and I cannot say, that when I look upon them, I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

PROVIDENCE has gifted man with reason; to his reason, therefore, is left the choice of his food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals: it thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to the regulation of his diet; to shun excess in quantity, and what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural; among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection: and beyond which if he deviates, sooner or later, he will suffer the penalty.

A LETTER OF FATHER JOHN OF AVILA, TO A PERSON IN AFFLICTION.

On the receipt of your letter, I gave thanks to our Lord for having given you a sign that your vocation is true; which sign is, that you have suffered tribulations. It should be a subject of no small comfort to you, to be assured that the Lord loves you; and you should not forget, that in the midst of your dangers, you are in the presence of Him who has so affectionately called you. You should encourage yourself by reflecting, that He did not call you to abandon you in the midst of your journey, but to conduct you under His wings, till He bring you to behold him in heaven.

Let not your faith in Christ, your love for him fail; and he will not fail in succouring you.

These are trials he is wont to make of those whom he loves, to the end that they may show whether they love and confide in him amidst tribulations and dangers, or not. It is neither wonderful nor meritorious, that the spouse should love her spouse whilst he is in her company, and confide in him whilst he cherishes her. It is in his absence, and when he seems to forget her, that her fidelity is put to the test; and then the more he withdraws himself from her, the more she should love him, and confide in him the more firmly, as he seems to give her less reason to do so.

It is enough, sister, that you have already known by experience how loving God has been to you, in bringing you to the knowledge of Him: ask him for no farther tokens of his love. Although he chastises you and seems to forget and dislike you, be not troubled. Say, He means to try me, not to afflict me. Love the Lord, although He chastise you, confide in Him although you feel no comfort in Him; seek Him, although He hides Himself from you; suffer him not to rest till he attends and answers. For be assured, that if you are faithful during His absence, He will return to you with so much gain, that your past labours will seem to you as nothing. Force yourself to suffer, for in proportion to your tribulations, will be your consolation. Cease to love yourself, and you will love God. Seek God and you will find Him. If once you truly confided in God and offered yourself to Him with love, there would be nothing that could afflict you. An over-great perturbation arises from want of confidence. Hence, these words of our Lord: "Let not your hearts be troubled, you believe in God, believe also in me." So that faith accompanied with love, is the source of quiet and peace of heart. Nothing is of so great importance, to enable you to reach the end of your journey, which God has appointed you, as to confide in Him with love. Many and great are the trials God will make of you; many a tribulation will arise from quarters you little suspect—but if you are armed with this faith and love, you will conquer all. Remember how the children of Israel, having departed out of Egypt in so wonderful a manner, and gone through so many dangers to come to the land which God had promised them, cried out: The people who possess it are bigger and stronger than we, they are possessed of cities immensely high, whose walls reach up to heaven, why did we enter on such a journey? And although some few whose faith was stronger, encouraged them by saying, that seeing God had fought for them, they would easily conquer these, as they had hitherto done others; their fears so far prevailed, that God grew tired of them, and through their want of confidence they lost the land, and God killed them all in the desert without permitting them to enjoy what they had so much laboured for, and what he had promised to bestow upon them.

Let us take warning from the example of others, and let us reflect that God takes pleasure in those who fear Him, and hope in His mercy; and is offended with those who do not. He took you out of the captivity of Egypt when He inspired into your heart a desire of being His—He is now conducting you through the barren desert, where at one time is wanting the bread of instruction, for want of some one to break it; at another time, company which may speak of God, and by this means alleviate the tediousness of the journey; at another time, comforts, instead of which, He exposes you to a thousand desolations. At one time arise tribulations from within, at another from without; sometimes separately, at other times conjointly. But do you mind only this, that he who has done the greater part, will also do that which is less.

He who from an enemy, made you a friend, will much more assuredly guard you now you are His friend. He who did not abandon you, when you abandoned Him, will certainly not abandon you when you seek Him. Whoever was there that

could say with truth, when he had sought God, that he was not assisted by Him.

Fear not, servant of Christ, let what will happen; but trust in Him who loved you so much that He died for you. He who espouses your cause is only *One*, but is able to do much more than all those together who oppose you. Let not those you have to fight with appear huge giants and strong cities, for it is not you who will then have to engage. You will be still, and the Lord will fight for you.

Fly not from the war, nor give yourself up for vanquished. Be constant, and you will see the favour of the Lord towards you. This is a war in which only he loses the crown who lays down his arms and flies. You are weak, but in your weakness God will glorify His power. You are blind, but God will be your guide. In your miseries, God will display His mercies. Who are you, that you should be able to go through so many dangers? But say with David, "In my God I will leap over the wall." Who are you, that you should be able to fight? But say, "If armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear."

Believe me, the more difficult this affair is to you, the more easy is it to God. Diffide in your own strength, so as not in the least to diffide in His. He will most assuredly crown you if you persevere in His love, and trust in His grace to obtain the crown. Remember that promise of Christ: "He who confesses me before men, him will I confess before my father who is in heaven. But he who denies me before men, him will I also deny before my father who is in heaven." Does it appear to you that those are to be accounted labours which are undergone to confess Christ, when they are so lightly rewarded; for then Christ will confess us in the day of judgment before His Father? Happy suffering! Happy disgrace and poverty, that will so soon be succeeded by so great an honour!

What will it be to hear from the mouth of Christ in the face of the whole universe: "Come, ye blessed of my father, receive the crown which has been prepared for you!" What shall it be when the angels sing to her that shall have been a faithful servant of the celestial King: "Come, spouse of Christ, receive the crown which the Lord has prepared, not for a day, but for ever! What will be the sentiments of the spouses of Christ, when having passed the sea of this world, and seen their enemies perish in its waves, full of joy for having escaped so dangerous a passage, they shall sing: "The snare is broken and we are delivered! Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth!" What will it be when the true Mary, the Virgin of virgins, shall go before with her timbrel in her hand, which is her own sacred body, praising the Lord in body and soul, and singing: "Bless the Lord with me, and exalt His name in concord and harmony!"

Blessed are you if you be faithful to the spouse who has chosen you! Happy you if you have the courage to sacrifice all that is temporal, relying on the assured promise of Christ. Confide in so infallible a word. You are not the first in whose favour He has pledged and fulfilled His word; nor will you be the person to whom He will not keep it. He gave it to Catharine, Agnes, Barbara, Lucy, and innumerable other virgins; and how well did He accomplish it! They had the courage to despise present enjoyments, and you see they now reign with God.

They lived here in labours, and now they enjoy everlasting repose. How many combats did they sustain! And how do they now triumph, adorned with crowns of victory! They fled from earthly spouses, and pleased the King of Heaven. If they had coveted and loved this world, their pleasures would now have been no more, and their memories buried in oblivion: but they loved eternal goods, therefore, their enjoyments shall never end, nor their memories be effaced. Their names were written in the book of the Almighty, and, therefore, neither rain, nor wind, nor fire, nor time, will ever be able to efface them; because as that book is incorruptible, so whatever is written therein is indelible. Wherefore, stand firm in God your salvation, and do not imagine He sells you heaven dear, since you have not shed your blood in order to purchase it, as the above-mentioned virgins shed their's.

Our Lord has regard to your weakness in His treatment of you; yet you are ready to think Him severe. If you had greater faith and confidence in God, and were inflamed with a more ardent love for sufferings, our Lord would send you greater conflicts, in order that you might obtain greater crowns. Content not yourself with a small share of sufferings, since your reward will be so great, and Christ has endured such inexpressible torments for the love of you. He gave his life for you, and bore the greatest injuries, disgrace, and contempt. Why do you complain of the bite of a fly? Love, and you will desire to suffer. Let your love be increased, and your sufferings will

be increased. The love of Christ makes those who possess it more desirous of sufferings, than self does those who are guided by it, fond of repose. It makes all that is laid upon it light, because it is stronger than death. He who loves not, groans as a lazy animal does under a load; but he who loves, runs and flies, because the wings of love causes him not to feel the weight of the body, or any burthen whatsoever. Our labours are not great, but our love is little. One pound is not heavy, but a child will exclaim how heavy it is! But if a man were to lift it, he would think it nothing; so take this for a sign; if your labours appear heavy to you, it is a mark that you have but little love; but if you account them as nothing, it is a mark that you have much love; and you will be so inebriated with it, that it will sweeten all your labours, and no draught how bitter soever, will be able to take its sweetness from you. In suffering itself you will find sweetness, and from the rock will draw water and honey. Love, and you will not feel labours, but will go through them as a freed woman, blessing him who gave her liberty. If you are threatened with death, you will hail it with welcome, since it is the way to enjoy life; if with banishment, say, you are in banishment every where till you see God, and that it matters not whether you go to heaven from this, or that part of the earth. If you have God with you, it will be well with you every where; but if you have not, it will be ill with you even in your own country.

When you see yourself despised, say, "Christ alone is the object of my esteem, and He esteems me; let all men despise me, that Christ alone may esteem me." You will not be troubled at the want of temporal conveniences, because you will despise them, being desirous to conform yourself to Jesus Christ, who became a poor man for the love of you. What in the whole world can affright you? If you be wounded by the love of Christ, you will trample the devils under your feet, you will laugh at their threats, and boldly pass through the midst of your enemies.

Confide in Him who loves those that love Him. You will be able to do all things in Him. Purchase love of Jesus; although He demand all things for it, be not without it, though it cost you your life. It is a hidden treasure; but he who finds it, with joy sells all things in order to purchase it; because with it alone he finds himself richer, than with the greatest abundance of all other things. But if all ought to have love, how much more she who has taken Christ for her spouse! The servant ought to fear his master, the son to honour his father, but the spouse to love her spouse. Love our Lord, and never rest till He grants you the precious gift of His love: love Him, but with reverence, because this is the love which pleases Him. Do not esteem it less, because it is communicated to you; but admire how a majesty so great stoops to so vile a creature.

It is the fault of ill-bred persons, to esteem Him less who condescends to make Himself their companion. But they who are enlightened esteem our Lord the more in proportion as His condescension to them is greater. The true love of Jesus Christ always bears this mark of its coming from Him—that, whilst it perceives the goodness of God with pleasure, it always regards the wickedness of man with displeasure.

Love, then, adore, and serve the Lord with joy; but rejoice in Him with trembling, not as a slave for fear of torments, but as a true child, who is afraid to give his parent the least disgust. You can do none of these things of yourself; but if you humble yourself by the thorough knowledge of your miseries, and often lay them before your physician, Jesus Christ, in prayer, and receive Him into your breast by frequent communion, and hear Him speak to you by pious books, and suffer Him to cure you by all the bitter medicines He shall choose, you may have an undoubted confidence that he will cure you by little and little. Do not fly from His hands, though the cure be painful, for He will heal you in His good time: and for the pains which He sends you, and for the pleasures which you at present quit for His sake, he will bestow upon you the abundance of His celestial pleasures, which, like a river, will overflow, and fill you with everlasting joy. Then you will be content, and will account yourself well-paid; because a greater good will be given you than you can possibly desire. This good is not a creature, but the Creator of all things, the true God who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

Laus Deo semper.

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner; a word unspoken is, like the sword in thy scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand; if thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend steps, from stone to stone,
In a small village church-yard lying,

O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above

Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!

Across the silence seem to go
With dread-like motion, wavering slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long, long ago!
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom-feet,
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turned where the poor survivor lies
'Mid monitory sanctities!

What years of vanished joy are fanned
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness! when the Shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!

Such is the scene around me now:

A little Church-yard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill;

Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow

Of Woodburn's summer rill;

A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,

The stillest of the still!

With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall

That rose-tree's clustered arches! See

The robin-redbreast warily,

Bright, through the blossoms, leaves his nest:
Sweet ingrate! through the winter blest

At the firesides of men—but shy

Through all the sunny summer hours,
He hides himself among the flowers

In his own wild festivity.

What lulling sound, and shadow cool

Hangs half the darkened church-yard o'er,
From thy green depths so beautiful,

Thou gorgeous sycamore!

Of hath the holy wine and bread

Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head

Bowed at that awful sacrament.

Now all beneath the turf are laid

On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.

Above that consecrated tree

Ascends the tapering spire, that seems

To lift the soul up silently

To heaven with all its dreams;

While in the belfry, deep and low,

From his heaved bosom's purple gleams,

The dove's continuous murmurs flow,

A dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,

The voice so lonely seems!

WILSON.

POPE PIUS VII.

At length, about two o'clock, p. m. a royal salute was fired from the Molehead battery, which announced to us that his holiness was approaching by sea. I was immediately despatched, attended by two orderly dragoons, to receive the holy father at the landing-place. I went up to him as soon as his fine old, saint-like, venerable figure had put its foot on the wharf; and approaching his sacred person, hat in hand, bending low, to make my obeisance as profound as possible, said (in Italian) that I had been sent by the commandant of the troops to congratulate *Sua Sanctità* on his safe arrival at Genoa, and to hope that he had not suffered from the fatigues of his journey. His holiness looked up in my face (for he was a little thin decrepit old man), with considerable doubt in the expression of his face, and said, "*What troops?*" I presume he was led into this uncertainty by seeing me in a blue jacket, with gold lace, my undress artillery uniform; and as we have no barbarous interferers with this army, I wore a huge pair of mustachoes. On my replying *English*, and that I was an English officer, he immediately seized hold of my hand, and in the most energetic manner, said, he was under great obligations to the English, and that he loved and respected them much, and felt happy and safe now that he was amongst them. Pius the Seventh, as he stood before me, I observed, wore a kind of Greek cassote cloak or tunic, a sacerdotal vestment, made of white challis or cashmere, which hung loose about his person, with the exception of its being fastened by a girdle, or cord, round his waist. To the cassote was attached a hood or cowl, fringed with gold, that hung over his shoulders. The dress was extremely long, loose, large, and touched the ground; thus hiding from public gaze the toe that kings of old were wont to kiss. On his head was placed a high white cap, apparently of felt, and representing a mitre, or episcopal crown, but quite plain. Round his neck was a rosary, consisting of very large-sized beads, on which he could count: of what materials the beads were composed I know not; they looked like Roman pearls of very great size. To this rosary was appended a very large crucifix. His *tout ensemble* inspired me with awe and reverence; his countenance was radiant with goodness, and appeared the most placid, saint-like, and divine, I ever remembered to have looked upon. As all movements are made in the narrow, levelland, and unaristocratic streets of Genoa in sedan chairs (four-wheeled carriages being never used), the pope was placed in one; whilst I had the honour of pacing by his side, his holiness sometimes holding my hand, whilst at others he rested his own pale emaciated one on mine, as it held on by the window of his portantino; that is to say, when it was not employed counting the beads, or making the sign of the cross, as he passed the weeping, the kneeling, and even prostrate multitude. The procession was led by a cross-bearer, carrying a large massive silver cross, followed by four of the cardinals—who were more particularly distinguished by their stockings. * * * On this line three thousand British troops were drawn up, facing inwards, with sufficient space between their ranks to permit the procession to pass through; and here was my honoured friend and commander, "Black Jack," with the whole of the staff, &c. ready to receive and greet the Roman pontiff. On reaching this piazza, I explained to his holiness that it would be necessary to halt for an instant, that I might have the honour of presenting the British

commandant. The crowd, the screaming, and the shouting, was here tremendous, and I had much difficulty in lugging up my friend Jack, whom I named. When I had got him sufficiently near to his holiness's sedan, the pope instantly rose, and pushed out his delicate hand from the portantino, expecting, no doubt, as belonging to a sovereign prince, that it would receive a respectful kiss from the untutored and unsophisticated Jack. No such thing; to my horror and dismay, in a rough, soldier-like manner, he gave it a hearty British squeeze, and said, in his best Italian, he was delighted to see his holiness in Genoa. The pope seemed highly delighted with this truly *John-Bull-like* reception. My friend now arranged himself on the right side of the sacred sedan, to the exclusion of Cardinal Pacca; I again taking post on the left. As soon as the pageant entered the line of armed men, the 14th regiment presented arms, and its band struck up our national air, which all the British regiments did in succession as his holiness passed. The staff officers, taking their stations two abreast, accompanied him, amidst the acclamations of the assembled population, who naturally were struck with wonder and surprise, to behold the head of the Roman church in the midst of heretics, guarded by British soldiers, and surrounded by British officers, all uncovered, and rendering homage and respect to the holy father. During our progress, the pope asked me several questions with respect to places and persons, crossing and blessing every one as he passed along; many a sign of the cross, and many a benediction, consequently, fell on my head before it reached the kneeling supplicants it was intended for. When we arrived at the Palazzo D, his holiness retired for a few minutes into an inner chamber, and then returned to hold a kind of levée. —Colonel Maxwell's Adventures.

THE late Dr. Butler, Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, had a singular notion respecting large communities and public bodies; a notion which is not perhaps altogether inapplicable at the present. His custom was, when at Bristol, to walk for hours in his garden in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford, and I had frequently the honour to attend him. After walking some time, he would suddenly stop and ask the question, "What security is there against the insanity of individuals? The physicians know of none; and as to Divines, we have no data, either from Scripture or from reason, to go upon, relative to this affair."—"True, my Lord, no man has a lease of his understanding, any more than of his life; they are both in the hands of the Sovereign Disposer of all things." He would then take another turn, and again stop short: "Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity, as well as individuals?"—"My Lord, I never considered the case, and can give no opinion concerning it."—"Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity, equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those transactions of which we read in history."—"I thought little," adds the dean, "of that odd conceit of the Bishop at that juncture; but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases."—Dean Tucker's Tracts, A. D. 1775. p. 20, in a note.

Shipwreck and death are less fatal than the pleasures that make war on virtue.

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

(Continued from page 290.)

HAVING obtained the desired leave, he ran, as was his custom, to thank the Blessed Virgin for the favour she had obtained for him, and then went to tell his dear director, who immediately began to think of the best means to set about this work of the glory of God. "Now," said he, "you must make a novitiate under my direction, if you wish me to take you to the novitiate of the Passionists; if you submit to mine I promise to take you to theirs, otherwise there is no hope for you." James promised to submit to whatever he should command; and already his fervour so carried him away, that he needed a curb rather than a stimulus in the practice of virtue. From this time he gave himself up to retirement, and so great was his watchfulness over his eyes, that I may say he never raised them from the ground. His corporal austerities were sufficient to have caused his death, had they not been moderated; he wore a hair shirt studded with iron next his skin; constantly disciplined himself to blood; till some persons in the house perceived by his clothes the punishment he had inflicted on his innocent body, and advised his director to moderate the young man's fervour. His father also expostulated with him upon this indiscretion, assuring him he might become a saint without destroying himself—that to shed one's own blood was not always pleasing to God, but only when he made it clearly known to be his will; and advised him to do nothing without consulting his director, unless he would lose all the merit of his actions. The humble youth, with his usual submission, answered smiling, that he would do nothing contrary to obedience. Penance alone, with a holy and exemplary life, would not have been sufficient to obtain admission into the congregation, it was also necessary he should apply himself to letters, being very backward, as we have seen, scarcely able to read his own language. Father Thomas thought best to send him to learn the first rudiments in a preparatory school, with children from five to seven years old; and certainly it was beautiful to see a youth of sixteen, and apparently much older, submitting to be taught by the alphabet. But so humble was James, that he rejoiced to be learning his lessons amongst children: in this he partly revived the example of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and St. Camilles of Lellis. It is difficult to state how assiduously he applied himself to learn whatever was taught in this school. During this time he had no other occupation but study and prayer. The rector Father Thomas never ceased admiring him, and used to say he never had so diligent a pupil, and one who knew so well how to unite study with piety: when-

ever he wished to excite a scholar to his duty, he always placed the example of James before his eyes, so edifying was his conduct. For some time he only attended the school and college for certain hours in the day, returning home, (where, in order to be more at liberty, and not being able, on account of their large family, to have a room at a distance from the noise of the younger children,) he built himself a cell or little hermitage of planks and boards at one end of the house; here he retired immediately on his return from school; here he prayed, studied, and performed his penances and mortifications; and to have more time for these exercises, he deprived himself of the greatest part of that allotted for sleep. I have been told by a person who witnessed it, that about midnight he left his bed and retired to his hermitage, and there seen as he thought only by God, employed himself in these occupations. Being a great enemy to sloth he was never a moment idle. During the holidays he used to walk out; his chief pastime consisted in going to the vineyard, but then he always had a book in his hand. Sometimes he would take one of his little brothers and endeavour to inspire him with sentiments of piety and devotion. When at the vineyard, from his love of solitude he would withdraw himself to a cave or grotto excavated in the rock, and study or pray before a devout picture, which he kept there. With his indefatigable application joined to good natural talents, he made great progress in a short time, both in letters and spirituality, so that he could pass from the lowest class to the higher with advantage. Father Thomas kindly endeavoured to procure him a room among the boarders at the college where he might permanently remain and be able to attend more at leisure to his studies and pious exercises; it is impossible to say how great was his joy on this occasion; he went as usual to thank our Blessed Lady, and then proceeded to the college. There he spent the greater part of his time in his room, leaving it only to attend the school, and performing his office, which was to renew the flowers in the church, which he did as long as he remained there, and acquitted himself of this employment in a manner that gave great edification; besides which he begged the rector to give him some other occupation. The little time that remained from his continual studies he spent in examining the church, and removing whatever might be contrary to the sanctity of the place, and also in the sacristy folding and mending the surplices and albs; attending particularly to see that the sacred functions were performed with the greatest possible reverence. After evening studies, he went to breathe the fresh air for a short time, during which he was constantly occupied in making holy aspirations; recalling passages of scripture, or texts from the holy fathers, of which he had learned a great number by heart. On his return from his short walk, he invariably visited the most Blessed Sacrament, remaining a long time in prayer, and pouring out his soul in presence of his adorable Lord. On holidays, after

receiving the Blessed Sacrament, and having performed all his private devotions, he recited the office of our Lady with the scholars, which he said every day, and then conversed on holy subjects; his fervour was so great, and his discourses were so full of sweet unction, that it was esteemed a great happiness to be in his society; sometimes half the day would insensibly pass in such conversations, and the only regret his companion (who told me) felt, was to see the hour of separation arrive.

It is easy to believe how much a youth so amiable and so greatly gifted must have been beloved by all: he won all hearts. His fellow students had so great an esteem for him, that there was a kind of strife among them to obtain anything that had belonged to him; trying by all kinds of means to get from him some a copy book, others a picture, or something he had made, which they kept, not merely as remembrances which is usual among friends, but as relics, saying to one another, "This is a relic of that good James." The father rector of the college had so great an opinion of him, that he not only proposed him as a perfect model to all the scholars, but intrusted them all to his care on play days, which was a great proof how much he esteemed him, as they were most particular in this college never to have the students without a religious over them, who treated them as novices even in the best regulated noviceship. Nevertheless they had the greatest confidence in leaving them under the care of James, who was as watchful over them as the pupils of his eyes. He often took them to one of his father's vineyards, amusing and entertaining them on the prospect of the country as they went along. He knew perfectly how to adapt himself to the age and condition of each one, making himself young with the young, joining with them in their simple and innocent diversions, like another Saint Philip Neri. Sometimes taking them to gather flowers; then he would stop for a few minutes in his beloved grotto, quite absorbed in God; then returning to the college he would relate to them some beautiful passages from the Holy Scripture or the Lives of the Saints; and so pleasing was his manner of speaking on these subjects, that even the religious were most desirous to join in these walks, that they might profit by his sweet conversation. Great was the advantage which these scholars derived from his holy conversation, and much more from the example of his virtues, as one of them said of him, "His very exterior always affected me, whether he were sitting or walking," &c. The father rector perceiving such rare virtue and talent in James, wished to engage him in teaching the christian doctrine; therefore on holidays he made him instruct little boys, which he did with great diligence in the sacristy of the same college, where the boys ran in crowds to his instructions. For this he had a wonderful talent and particular grace, a lively imagination, ready expressions, and an amusing manner of rendering them, so that it was quite a pleasure to hear him. Had he lived longer among us he would have attained to great perfection

in this department. His zeal for the good of his neighbour was not, however, satisfied with catching children; he moreover endeavoured by word and example to do good to all: by these means he succeeded in persuading an elder sister of his to give up all thoughts of the world and vanity, and embrace a truly devout life; she afterwards became a nun at Montefiascone. Her good brother being then a religious, wrote to her on the occasion, animating her to the attainment of perfection, and the practice of true virtue. I have thought proper to give the letter in this place, though it be of later date, it was as follows: "I rejoice in the favour almighty God has done you in pronouncing your sacred vows; let us be careful to correspond with such favour; this we shall do, by keeping ourselves united to our Lord during the day, by doing every thing for his glory, often saying, 'Lord, it is to please you only, and for your glory that I do this; by keeping silence with creatures as much as possible, and conversing much with God; by avoiding all useless chit-chat at the grate (it is there the devil makes great profits); by the exact observance of our holy rule, making great account of the least things; by being obedient, humble, mortified, patient; in a word, by taking up our cross and following Jesus crucified. In all this let us abandon ourselves into the arms of our God, and be very devout to our Blessed Lady. I beg of you to pardon me all the bad example I gave you while I remained in Egypt. Recommend me to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin our Mother, that we may one day meet again, not on earth, but in heaven.'" These last words seem to have been a kind of prophecy, as he died without seeing this sister again.

After this short digression upon what he wrote as a religious, let us return to what he did and wrote when at school. The zeal he had for the salvation of souls made him use every exertion to contribute to their salvation, particularly of such persons as had shown him any particular kindness. Among these were the Fontarini's of Viterbo, to whom he wrote soon after; leaving them in so expressive and touching a manner, that Fontarini told me, they could not refrain from tears on reading the letter. I never saw this letter, but another was shown to me which he wrote to them a short time before he entered his noviceship, and which I will transcribe here: "This is perhaps the last letter you will receive from me, since, please God, I shall very soon go to Monte Argentario to begin my novitiate. Pray much for me, that if it be for the salvation of my soul I may resist and overcome all obstacles. Good bye, therefore, good bye; though we may not meet again in this world, we certainly shall at the day of judgment: let us do good that we may find it again on that day. If by the grace of God we have performed good works, how great will then be our consolation to hear these sweet words, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, take possession of my eternal kingdom.'" Once more then good bye; salute Mr. Anthony for me, tell him always to be very devout to our Blessed Lady,

and beg her intercession for me, she will pray to Jesus for us, and we shall be saved. Let the thought of death be always in our minds. Let us fly sin, fear God, and often think that we were created for the sole end of saving our souls!" This journey to the Noviceship was, however, to be a great cause of trouble to poor James. He was impatient to be clothed in the holy habit, but knew not when he would be received. After having studied some time, he went again with his director Father Thomas to St. Angelo, to be examined, and hear what the father provincial would say. Finding him still very backward in Latin, and his body more attenuated than ever by reason of his immoderate austerities, he gave him a decided refusal, saying that it was impossible that he could be received, principally on account of the delicacy of his frame, which would not be able to accord with the penances prescribed by our holy rule; that he had much better choose a milder institute in which he could equally serve God and become a Saint. In fine, he dismissed him without the slightest hope of being received. His regret may easily be conceived, seeing himself excluded by men from the congregation to which he felt God called him. He returned home quite sorrowful, and much more so when his director, who had heard all that the provincial had said to him, exhorted him to give up all thoughts of being a Passionist. This good Father was most anxious that his own congregation should possess the treasure which ours rejected. He well knew his great fund of virtue, and the hopes that might be formed from his talents and abilities; he therefore advised him to join the Brethren of the Christian doctrine, in which case he himself would engage to have him very soon received among them. His father and mother, and all his relations, joined in this opinion, not wishing him to return to St. Angelo after having received so decided a negative; they all told him, that by wishing to be a Passionist he was opposing the will of God, and many other things, which would have proved a severe trial to a less determined character than James. O my God! how many contradictions must a soul submit to which would follow the divine inspirations! The Holy Ghost says truly when he exhorts all who desire to enter the way of perfection to prepare their souls for temptation. "Son, when entering upon the service of God stand in fear and trembling, and prepare thy soul for trial." Our good youth, aided by divine grace, which never fails those who place all their hopes in God, manfully resisted every assault, courageously answering all who would induce him to abandon the idea of being a Passionist, and take the habit of some other order. "Either the Passionists or no other religious order. God who gave me this vocation will also give me the grace to put into execution that with which he himself has inspired me. He redoubled his prayers to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, to obtain the desired end; but Almighty God, wishing to try his fidelity and constancy, permitted that obstacles should increase instead

of diminishing. Becoming more and more emaciated, not so much by the distress of mind, which these difficulties occasioned him, as by the penance and mortification which he went on increasing, in order to draw down the Divine mercy upon him, he at last without perceiving it, brought himself to such a state, which however much it might favour the flow of Divine blessings on his soul, was very opposite to that in which the provincial wished to see him, to admit him to his clothing. He came several times to St. Angelo, both alone and accompanied, and throwing himself at the feet of the provincial, conjured him to admit him to his clothing; but the provincial on the one side admired his virtue, yet on the other seeing the weakness of his body, would by no means give in. He therefore returned home, each time more disconsolate, and began now to despair of obtaining from man what he appeared already to have obtained from God. In consequence he shed abundant tears in presence of the Divine Majesty: to obtain from our Lord what he denied, he poured forth his most ardent supplications to Mary his dear Mother, that she would deign to look upon his most afflicted and troubled heart, and pray for him. Those who have been placed in similar circumstances will understand the deep affliction which inundated the heart of this young postulant. However, Almighty God, who is always near to those that are in trouble, who never permits any one to be tempted above his strength, who, if he sometimes with his left hand treats us harshly for our good, never fails at the same time to sustain us with the right by his mercy! He who sees all, watches over all, regulates all, disposes all to the advantage of his elect, and who, when to human prudence all seems despair, takes pleasure in making his clemency triumph in favour of those who are dear to him, so ordained in his infinite mercy, that an entire change should take place in favour of his beloved James. It happened that at this time the provincial chapter was to be held, and in this chapter a provincial was to be elected in place of the one who had presided during the last three years: this was Father John Peter of St. Vincent Ferrer. Hearing this the pious youth quickly presented himself to the new provincial at St. Angelo, who received him very kindly, and gave him some hopes of being admitted. In the greatest delight he applied himself more assiduously than ever to his studies. He had yet to wait some little time, but at length the much desired favour was granted of being received to the Noviceship. He was to go towards the end of the year 1819 to Monte Argentaro, to begin his year of probation. We may conceive the transports of joy of the postulant. He knew not how sufficiently to thank Almighty God for so signal a benefit; he went immediately to the feet of our Blessed Lady, acknowledging that he was indebted to her for this grace, and begging she would continue her maternal care in his regard. He made all the necessary preparations for his departure to Monte Argentaro, and begged his sister to pray particularly, that nothing might happen to

prevent his arrival at the novitiate. The hour of parting was awaited with regret by all who knew him, but especially by his parents, who, notwithstanding they felt pleasure at his becoming a Passionist, could not restrain their tears. He was the only one who rejoiced, as though he had received an invitation to Paradise! Arrived at Mont Argentaro, and admitted among the novices, it is not to be expressed what great consolation he felt in seeing himself in the midst of so many angels, far from the tumult of the world, and freed from every other thought than that of working out his salvation. Soon after his arrival he wrote to his father as follows: "On Friday I arrived with the divine aid at the long-wished-for retreat of Mont Argentaro. Tell Magdalen (this was his sister) that she may leave off the itinerary, and begin a three days' thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for my safe journey." Thus the heart of this pious youth, always full of gratitude to his dear Mother (Mary), was not satisfied with his own thanksgiving when he obtained any favour from God through her intercession, but was anxious that others should unite with him in paying a tribute of praise to this most Blessed Virgin. After remaining some days at the novitiate in secular dress, and giving during the time an example of humility, &c. he was admitted to his clothing on the 7th November, 1819, being about 19 years of age. Some days afterwards he wrote to his father, to inform him of this event, in the following manner: "Praise be to Jesus. Since the 7th instant I have had the happiness, thanks be to God, of being clothed in the religious habit, and of beginning my noviceship. I did not deserve this favour, and I acknowledge myself indebted to the prayers of the Blessed Virgin Mary for it. I am most happy, enjoy most excellent health, and trusting in the mercy of God, I hope in future to live the life of a true religious, and die in this holy habit. Recommend to all my brothers and sisters, and all my acquaintances, the devotion to the Madonna, the devotion to the Madonna, again I repeat it, the devotion to the Madonna. I beg pardon of all for the scandal I have given them. I salute you. Recommend me to our Lord." On taking the religious habit he gave up the name of James for that of Martin of Jesus crucified, not by chance, but wishing, I believe, to imitate during the remainder of his life the angelical simplicity of Saint Martin, and also his conformity to the divine will; desiring to live with his beloved Lord crucified to the things of this world, mortified and obedient until death. This was his conduct during his novitiate, as may easily be imagined without my relating it. What might we not expect from this plant, which in the midst of the desert of the world had produced such delicious fruit of perfection, when now transplanted by the celestial Husbandman into his own garden!

From the first, he was a most perfect model of religious virtues. Humility, simplicity, and obedience, were, as I may say, his characteristic virtues. Hear how father Bernard, the Master of Novices, speaks of

him: "I may say of our Brother Martin, that I have always known him to be a youth of true evangelical simplicity, always cheerful, a lover of mortification, obedience, prayer, &c. He spoke of the things of God with great fervour, and in a manner to excite devotion. He was most devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary. I never knew him to commit the least fault adventantly. So exact was his obedience, that scarcely had he heard the command go, than he started off, without knowing where he was to go, or what he was to do." These praises, which may suffice for our panegyric, are of the greatest weight, as coming from a person who was in general very sparing of them, and who was well aware of the merits of each of his subjects. For the first six months of his novitiate, our Lord deigned munificently to recompense our young novice for all the trials he had undergone, communicating abundantly to his soul not only spiritual favours, but even the sweetness of consolations, which are a sample of those much greater ones which he prepares in Heaven for his servants. He experienced an unutterable peace. At prayer he received torrents of heavenly sweetness. However, Martin knowing that the road to Heaven was one of suffering, and not of consolation, began to fear lest all that he felt might be an illusion of the devil, and doubted whether serving God in so much sweetness were not rather serving himself, and that instead of seeking the God of consolations, he were not seeking the consolation of God. His humility made him feel quite ashamed, considering himself quite unworthy to carry the cross of Jesus Christ, and seeing himself treated with such distinguished love by our Lord. He blushed to wear the habit and bear the name of Passionist without being one in effect. He was confused to be called after Jesus crucified while he saw himself any thing but crucified, and to contemplate from Thabor Jesus on Calvary. He consequently began to beg of God (as he told me), to treat him as he had treated his crucified Lord.

THERE is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, as the Frenchman said, who wrote a book on the best way of blowing out a candle; and nothing in the world shows greater diversity of character and disposition, than attending a sick-bed. Every affection of the heart is then called forth, and must be accompanied with fortitude and prudence, to impart that comfort and support to the sufferer which we often require at the same time ourselves. Few are capable of entirely neglecting those who need their care; but, on the other hand, fewer still can give all the consolation that might be expected on such an occasion, because there is such a perpetual danger of officiousness, and still more of being ostentatious in conferring attention on those whose situation obliges them to be under incessant obligations. A mind of true delicacy will carefully screen from observation all the labour and care which her attendance occasions, while the fretfulness of pain and dependence may be a continual trial to the temper, in causing peevishness and misrepresentations from those whom it is the first object of solicitude to relieve and comfort.

A lie arises always from fear or from interest, and consequently from meanness.

THE RT. REV. DR. JAMES SMITH,

Bishop of Callipolitan, and first Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District,

WAS the second son of Mr. Smith, a gentleman of a considerable estate in Hampshire. Being sent to the English college at Douay, he went through the classics, and philosophical studies with great applause. He afterwards made a tour in France; and settling for a while in Paris, made himself master of those accomplishments which custom makes requisite to finish a fine gentleman. The excess of vanity he observed in that great city, gave him such a distaste of the follies of life, that he took a resolution not to engage in those dangerous methods; but returning to Douay, applied himself to divinity, and entered into an ecclesiastical state. After some time, he went back to Paris, in order to improve himself under the celebrated professors of that university; and, some time after, being invited back to Douay, he was made professor of philosophy, where he was created D. D. February 5, 1680, together with his intimate friend, and fellow professor, Edward Paston. Upon the decease of Dr. Gage, president of the college, he was appointed his successor, August 28, 1682. On the 7th of April, 1683, he set out for England, being called over upon some important affairs concerning the clergy, and returned, July 2d, the said year. On the 15th of May, 1684, he was again called over, to be present at a meeting of the chapter in London, held June 2. He returned back to Douay, August 10, having in his company a younger brother, Bartholomew Smith, who took up his residence with him for a while in the college, which at that time was in a very flourishing condition, both for men of parts, and number of scholars, which, as I find in the records of the house, were 140 masters and students, besides servants. About this time Dr. Smith became master of a very plentiful estate, on the decease of his eldest brother, who died without male issue; but he generously bestowed the bulk of it upon his younger brother Bartholomew, only reserving an annuity for himself. On the 5th of April, 1687, his presence was again required in England; and having finished the business he went about, he returned to Douay, August 19. This last journey was a step towards his farther preferment. For Queen Catharine being acquainted with his extraordinary character, as also with his person, in a visit or two he made her, she procured him to be nominated for the episcopal dignity. Dr. Smith being acquainted with her royal intentions, and the clergy unanimously concurring, he was prevailed upon to accept of the honour. Accordingly he left Douay, March 13, 1688, took shipping at Calais the 22d, arrived at London the 24th, and was consecrated Bishop in Somerset-house, May 23, Queen Dowager making him a present of 200 guineas. And now there were four Catholic Bishops in England; Leyburn, Giffard, Ellis, and Smith. They had each of them 1000 pounds per annum settled upon them out of the Exchequer, and 500 pounds a piece at their first setting out. The northern counties being allotted for Bishop Smith's district, he was uneasy till he entered upon the duties of his character. Wherefore, leaving the court, he arrived at York, August 2, 1688, where he was received with great ceremony by the clergy and regulars of those parts, who sung *Te Deum* publicly upon the occasion. On the Sunday following he appeared in the chapel belonging to the clergy in his episcopal habit, and was present at a sermon preached by Mr. Perkinson, his Lordship's chaplain. In the afternoon he attended at the service performed in the Friars chapel, where a sermon was also preached. At that time Lord Dunbarton's regiment lay in York. The commanding officer complimented the Bishop with the offer of a sentinel, to stand at the door of his Lordship's lodgings; but he desired to be excused. Upon

the Revolution, he retired to a gentleman's seat in the country, where he resided till his death, which happened May 20, 1711, having long before impaired his health by a vigorous and constant application to the duties of his function. He answered the utmost demands of the episcopal character—a fine gentleman, a good scholar, and a zealous prelate; and, according to the opinion of those who were personally acquainted with his behaviour, and the secret of his private life, he came up to the primitive ages. He carried himself so prudently in regard to the government, that all the protestant gentlemen of his neighbourhood had an entire respect for him, being fully convinced that his whole time was spent in procuring the future happiness of those that were committed to his charge. He was a common father to the poor, and so ingenious a reprover of vice, that he seldom failed of being successful. In a word, he was so free and open in the interest of virtue, that to oppose him was to make war with virtue itself.—*Dodd's Church Hist.*

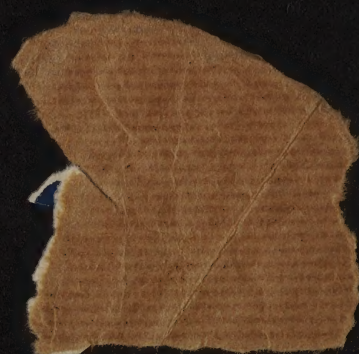
Annexed to the frame of the picture of Bishop Smith, at the Chapel-House, York, from which the portrait was engraved that embellishes this account of him from Dodd, is a Latin inscription, in gilt letters, taken, as it is supposed, from his tomb, of which the following is a version;

"Here are deposited the remains of the Right Rev. Father in Christ, James Smith, Bishop of Callipolitan, V. A. He was a man of irreproachable conduct, and highly distinguished by his knowledge and his virtues; agreeable to all, by the gentleness of his mind, the affability of his manners, and the sweetness of his disposition.—He was the delight of his friends, by whom he was most tenderly beloved. Singularly gifted with eloquence, not in sublimity of language, but, like Paul, in the disclosure of the spirit, and of virtue, he inflames the minds of all, and warmed their hearts. At length, worn out by his apostolic labours, and full of merit, he gave up his precious spirit to God, amidst the tears and embraces of his friends, the 13th of May, 1711, aged 66.—May he rest in peace: the delight of his flock—the honour and protection of the priesthood, and the light of pastors."

BLASPHEMY AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

NOTTINGHAM.—A short time ago a most awful thunder storm visited this town and neighbourhood, the effects of which we fear will be long felt. The lower part of the town has been flooded, and the poorer classes who inhabited cellars, as well as several shopkeepers, have suffered severely. The cellars of Gedling-street and Coldham-street were flooded in so short a time, that it was with difficulty that those inhabitants who had gone to bed escaped from drowning. Women and children, half naked and frantic, rushed up the steps of their wretched abodes into the streets, and were washed back again by the strength of the flood, and it was only by the exertions of the men, and the night police in particular, that many lives were saved. Amongst the parties who sought shelter from the pitiless storm in the Milton's Head public-house, on the Derby Road, was a man, 22 years of age, named Alfred Greenwood, lace maker. This young man employed himself for some time in ridiculing the fears of the company. His conduct, at first characterised by extreme levity, degenerated into profanity. He used the name of the Deity in a most awful manner, and with bitter oaths expressed a wish that a thunderbolt might come upon them and strike the company blind. Then raising himself, and looking through the skylight over the room in which they were sitting, with profane gestures he was defying the electric fluid and its effects, when a vivid flash of forked lightning entered the room, and the next moment he was lying speechless on the ground. He was taken up by the trembling observers, none of whom were hurt, and was placed on a couch: for some time they thought him dead; but Mr. Darby, surgeon, having bled him, in about an hour sensibility returned. The first expression he used on recovering his speech was, "God, forgive me." The man still remains blind, and has been removed to the General Hospital.





ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



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